

VOL. 11, NO. 265.

CONNELLSVILLE, PA., THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913.

EIGHT PAGES.

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY
BY AUTO BANDITS
NEAR TOLEDO****Successful Hold-up of a Party
of Prominent
Tourists.****THE PURSUING SHERIFF SHOT****Lighted Fired on the Police While
Making a Wild Dash Through the
Streets of Detroit; One of the Gang
Captured.**

By United Press.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 18.—After pursuing three auto bandits for several miles through the country, a party of tourists, who were shot twice in the head in a revolver duel with one of the bandits, were taken to the hospital. The man who shot the others was captured by a posse of farmers, and when arraigned gave his name as Robert Duffey of Buffalo.

The robbery took place on a lonely road several miles out in the country. The bandits, who were driving a light gray touring car, held up a party of tourists composed of Herman G. Layton, president of the Santol Chemical Company of St. Louis, W. S. Kreiger, New York manager for the same company, J. W. Bile, of St. Louis, also connected with the Santol concern, and Mrs. D. Smith and daughter Alice, of Chicago. After stripping the tourists of their jewelry, money and other valuables, the bandits drove off, taking the Layton car with them. They secured about \$100 in cash and \$250 worth of jewelry. Miss Smith saved jewelry valued at \$500 by putting them in her mouth.

After the robbery Layton ran to a farm house and phoned to Sheriff Wineland, who immediately started in pursuit. A short time later the pursuers came in sight of the touring car in the road. The car was in the hands of John Biegel, As the sheriff neared the house a young man on the porch of the house opened fire, and after an exchange of several shots, the car disappeared in the woods. The two others fled in one of the cars, while the third disappeared on foot.

The young man who was captured later by a posse of farmers admitted participation in the robbery, but claimed he was the victim of a conspiracy. He also admitted that Duffey was a notorious name, though he declined to give a first name.

PITTSBURGH, Mich., Sept. 18.—Three auto bandits, who, the police believe, are the men who participated in the hold-up near Toledo, whizzed through Detroit this morning exchanging shots with the police, who had been warned to be on the look out for them. Policemen who signalled them to stop, as the car entered the outskirts of the city, were answered by a burst of speed from the auto. The bandits opened fire on the policemen and the latter returned it. None of the bandits, however, is believed to have been injured. The fleeing car disappeared in the direction of Mount Clemens.

NEW TROLLEY ORDER**Passengers Must Leave by Front End
and Enter at Rear End.**

A new order has been put into effect by the West Penn Railway Company, requiring that all terminal points passengers shall enter by the rear end of the cars and leave by the front end. This is intended to clear away from the confusion that has resulted in the past where the carload of passengers leaving a car meets an equally large number trying to get on. The result is anything but pleasant. The new order will forbid anyone from leaving by the rear end and from entering by the front end, and it will insure a steady stream of passengers out the front end while others are boarding the car. It can readily be seen that this will do away with much inconvenience and will greatly facilitate operation of cars on schedule time.

SAD DECREE OF FATE**No Wedding Bells Will Ring Tonight
in Swantonville.**

Failing to agree on the selection of a pastor, there will be no wedding bells for Miss Ethel Gregory and W. W. Warriner, a well known colored pair of Swantonville. A large number of invitations were issued. The wedding was scheduled for this evening at the home of the bride, who is to have been an important event among the colored folk of Swantonville and vicinity. Miss Gregory and her fiancé belong to separate churches, and each insisted on their own pastor officiating.

Failing to come to an understanding, it was decided to call the wedding off. It is "off forever," according to a statement of the bride's father today in The Courier office.

Civil Appointed Solicitor.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—Information that former Governor Folk of Missouri is to be appointed solicitor in the Department of State, was received today. President Wilson is expected to send in his nomination to the Senate some time today.

Four Director Vote in Somerset. Somerset, N. J., Sept. 18.—The total vote for poor directors in Somerset county was: Republican—Snyder, 900; Democrat, 322; Union, 125; Woy, 288. Washington—Sept. 18. Stutzman, 24.

**LEADERS IN TUESDAY'S
VOTE IN FAYETTE CO.****Crossland and Jackson, Rep., and
Strickler and Kern, Dem., are in
Front for Poor Director.**

The Indiana returns of the Fayette county election indicate the success for poor director of Elijah Crossland, of Menafon township, and L. A. Jackson, of Ohio, on the Republican ticket, and George M. Strickler, of Vanderburgh, and A. B. Kern, of Smith Run on the Democratic ticket.

The jury commissioner, George A. Hackney, of Uniontown, is leading on the Republican ticket, and John G. Harford, of North Union township on the Democratic ticket. Most of the 103 districts in the county have been heard from, and show the following approximate vote for the respective candidates:

FOR POOR DIRECTOR.**(Republican)**

Elijah Crossland 1,753
L. A. Jackson 1,556
W. H. Rankin 1,409
J. L. Stewart 1,311
J. L. Collins 978
H. V. Mountjoy 770
L. L. Johnson 719
D. W. Clement 656
W. E. Detholt 589
A. B. Kidd 462

(Democratic)

Geo. M. Strickler 1,803
A. B. Kern 1,667
J. P. Allen 1,531
Joe Hunkins 1,092
D. A. Cunningham 703

JURY COMMISSIONER.**(Republican)**

Geo. A. Hackney 1,261
J. A. Williams 1,202
L. D. McMillen 804
S. W. Means 737
S. J. Honsaker 631
J. A. Fowler 191

(Democratic)

J. G. Harford 1,138
H. P. Martin 871
H. H. Moore 714
P. S. Hugans 420
H. P. Donaldson 329

THE MT. PLEASANT VOTE**How Ballots Were Cast There Tuesday
for Local Offices.****MOUNT PLEASANT, Sept. 18.—**

Following was the vote cast here Tuesday for the leading borough officers:

DEMOCRAT.**Burgess.**

Wards	1	2	3
George Lenford	1	40	41
M. F. Kuhn	32	52	40
John F. Shields	1	1	1

School Directors.

Wards	1	2	3
J. Lloyd Kip	28	61	57
James G. White	29	65	67
E. G. Page	1	18	11
F. L. Marsh	3	11	1
W. A. Sheppard	2	1	1
A. B. Babb	1	1	1
Carl Glass	3	1	1

REPUBLICAN.**Burgess.**

Wards	1	2	3
Dr. S. W. Crosby	33	54	24
John L. Shields	75	56	21
M. S. Keefer	1	1	1

School Directors.

Wards	1	2	3
Charles Clark	36	111	21
Hugh Close	74	116	86
William A. Snyder	34	1	1
L. S. Rhodes	69	115	83

Council.

Charles Cunningham 54
Frank Prangen 37
Frank Prangen 37
William A. Snyder 34
M. S. Brinker 105
Grant Long 106
Harry Skiles 119
F. L. Palmer 80
Samuel P. Stevens 98

The Washington party cast 15

votes in the first and second wards of the borough for various offices on the ticket, but had no votes in the third ward.

VOTE IN PITTSBURG**Latest Figures Give Porter a Plurality
of 309 Over Armstrong.**

PITTSBURG, Sept. 18.—The following figures tell the story of Tuesday's primary municipal contest in this city so far as the compilation of unofficial figures is concerned. It will require the official data to change this result, but it appears certain that S. G. Porter will be returned a leader over Joseph G. Armstrong by a small margin:

Wards	1	2	3
Stephen G. Porter	35,294	31,925	6,662
Robert S. Cluser	169	119	119
Victor Brettonsmith	119	119	119
W. J. Van Esen	1,747	1,747	1,747

Total vote cast 77,516

Porter plurality over Armstrong 309

Qualifying voters who failed to cast ballots 7,851

THE G. B. FOR CHIEF METZEL.**Police Committee Demands He Shall
Step Down at Once.**

At a meeting of the police committee last evening in City Hall the resignation of Chief George Metzger was demanded by seven members and Friday night's meeting. Chief Metzger is to be returned the job temporarily. Chairman S. P. Egan, President O. P. Harris and the following committee members were present: J. G. Gorman, C. W. Bishop, H. H. Williams, Herbert and W. A. Bishop.

The Public Safety Committee also met last night and discharged Mayor William C. Gorman, naming Ray McCormick to succeed him.

**Is This Priest, Slayer of Girl, Insane?
He Faced Camera Few Days Before Murder****ARE THESE THE EYES OF AN
INSANE SLAYER?****STATE BOND ISSUE
DISCUSSION ON
FRIDAY NIGHT****Meeting of the Connellsville
Automobile Club at
the Armory.****ADDRESS BY C. G. LEWELLYN**

Dr. J. L. Cochran of Connellsville Will Also Take a Hand; The Club's Desire is to Promote the Great Highway Law.

At the regular meeting of the Connellsville Automobile Club, which will be held in the Armory on Friday night, a thorough discussion of the state road bond issue will be conducted with a view of familiarizing the members with the provisions of the proposed act, which if passed by a majority of the electors of the state at the November election will permit the state to issue \$40,000,000 in bonds for the improvement of the present state highways and the construction of new ones.

County Superintendent of Schools C. G. Lewellyn has been secured to address the meeting on the subject and to lead the discussion by members. The board of governors has already announced that it favors the proposed loan, and the club itself will doubtless follow suit.

Dr. J. L. Cochran, of Connellsville, who was one of the first in this section to drive a car, and one thoroughly familiar with roads and road matters, will also make an address on a pertinent topic.

The proposed traffic ordinance for Connellsville may also be touched on in the course of the meeting. Following the business meeting there will be a social hour at which an interesting program will be rendered by special talent.

A good attendance is urged by the board of governors, for the business is of such importance that members cannot well afford to miss it.

What Gov. Tener Says.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 18.—With a mass meeting on the steps of the State Capitol, hundreds of good folks on Thursday today opened a campaign in behalf of the proposed amendment to the constitution providing for a \$50,000,000 bond issue to improve the public highways.

Governor John K. Tener, who opened the meeting, declared that the state is in a position to undertake a campaign of a nation in endeavoring to reconstruct and improve its 9,000 miles of roads. He advocated a 3 1/2 per cent bond. Others who spoke in favor of the proposition were Judge John T. Eddins, Collector of Customs W. H. Berry, Father Curran of Wilkes-Barre and Senator William Sprule.

RAIN DROWNS OFFICES.**Defective Roof in the City Hall Lets in
Lots of Last Night's Rain.**

The heavy rain of last night proved too much for the roof of City Hall and a considerable quantity of water poured through the southwest corner into the office of Health Officer Barthold Rottler, thence through the floor and ceiling to Clerk Bisher's office on the first floor where a pool several inches deep was formed. The plaster fell in considerable quantities into the office and the paper in the downstairs room, becoming completely saturated, is peeling off. The damage will be considerable. The entire roof is declared to be in bad condition, though it has been repaired a number of times.

TOO FAST! TOO FAST!**Disastrous Trolley Car Wreck Today
Near Sandusky, O.**

SANDUSKY, O., Sept. 18.—Two persons were probably fatally injured and a dozen more seriously hurt here today when a Lake Shore electric car, carrying a large number of visitors from Bellevue to Sandusky, ran onto a trestle, plunged off the track and turned over on its side.

Passengers say the car was going 15 miles an hour when it struck the trestle. The truck was torn up nearly 60 yards.

TIRE WEATHER.

Unsettled weather with local rains tonight, fair and sunny Friday, was the most weather forecast.

Temperature Record.

Maximum	1913	1912
.....	72	58
Minimum <td>.....</td> <td>58</td>	58
Mean <td>.....</td> <td>69</td>	69

The Young Men rose from 65 to 75 during the night.

**THE BLOODY VENGEANCE
OF JOSEPH BAJOSK****Killed His Faithless Wife and Him-
self and Wounded Her Father-in-
law in Herminie Village.**

GREENSBURG, Pa., Sept. 18.—Finding his wife, who had deceived him six months ago, living with another man, Joseph Bajosk, 33 years old, of Farmington, W. Va., killed his wife and her father-in-law, 25 years old, probably fatally, and turned his 32-caliber revolver on himself, committing suicide. The tragedy occurred last night at Herminie, a mining village in Westmoreland county. He wanted to kill this man because he stole my wife, and I wanted her to die with him.

This was the dying statement of Bajosk made just before he was placed in an ambulance to be hurried to the Westmoreland Hospital in Greensburg. He died before Irwin was reached.

Bajosk and his wife lived together at Farmington, W. Va. Bajosk left him six months ago he quit work, drew his savings from a bank and started to find her. Four days ago he arrived in Herminie and located his wife living with Morosky. He went to the office of Justice of the Peace M. C. Taylor and made information against Morosky and his wife.

The hearing was set for 7:30 o'clock last night. The defendants appeared at the justice's office on time, but Bajosk failed to show up and the case was dismissed. Morosky and Mrs. Bajosk started to their home.

As they were entering the house Bajosk sprang from the side of the house and shot them. Morosky was shot through the back and left kidney. Mrs. Bajosk was shot through the heart, the bullet going through her back. Bajosk then shot himself in the chest. Mrs. Bajosk died instantly. Morosky is in the hospital in a critical condition.

Mrs. Bajosk leaves a son three months old. At the office of Justice of the Peace Taylor, she said she had lived with Bajosk, but had never married him.

SENTENCED TO PRISON**Dizes and Cumminett Will Now Pay
the Shot for Their Van With
the Sacramento Girls.**

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 18.—Judge Van Fleet, of the United States district court, sentenced Dizes and Cumminett to two years in San Quentin prison and \$2,000 fine, and Drew Camminett to 18 months imprisonment and \$1,500 fine for their escapade with the Sacramento girls.

When San Quentin was designated as the prison to which the two were to be released, their counsel immediately objected, and on the unique ground that in this California penitentiary the white slavers were allowed to associate with all sorts of low-down criminals, such as house breakers, highwaymen and pickpockets.

The court told the defendants' lawyers that the court had no objection to stand, but he later amended it by designating McNeil's Island, Washington, as the place of imprisonment. This amendment was made subject to the concurrence of the attorney general. He has expressed no objection.

A 10-day stay of execution was granted, that an appeal may be prepared. Dizes was fined \$15,000 and Cumminett in \$10,000 bail.

WOMAN'S MISSION SOCIETY**Despite Inclement Weather Many
Delegates Are in Attendance.**

The annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this morning at 10:30 o'clock in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. E. C. Wolf, the pastor, owing to the inclement weather, delegates were excused the listening.

Delegates by Mrs. Harry T. Crossland, Mrs. George L. Gay responded. Reports of auxiliaries by delegates followed. Miss Miller sang a vocal solo, after which Mrs. C. L. Dwyer spoke on "Relation of Literature to Effective Work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society." Miss Jean Adams spoke on "Industrial Work in China." A resolution by Mrs. H. Jones concluded the morning program.

Dinner was served in the Sunday School room of the church by the Connellsville society. Bouquets of fall flowers were used in decorating. Concluding the inclement weather, the number of delegates from different towns in the district is unusually large.

EICHER'S LOST CONTRACT**P. W. Flinn of Altoona Will Now Build
Uniontown's M. E. Church.**

UNIONTOWN, Sept. 18.—On the failure of Contractor H. R. Eicher, of Stratford, to file the necessary \$50,000 bond, after being given the contract for the construction of the new First Methodist Episcopal church on Reesons avenue, the official board of that church at a meeting last night declared Eicher's contract void and let it to Contractor P. W. Flinn, of Altoona, for \$39,000. Mr. Eicher's bid was \$40,000 below these figures.

The new church will cost in the neighborhood of \$150,000, including furnishings. Actual work will start on the construction of the new edifice in about ten days, and it will be completed in a year.

Thirty-Nine Killed in Wreck.**By United Press.**

GREENSBURG, Germany, Sept. 18.—Thirty-nine persons are reported dead and sixty injured in a railroad wreck near Nies. Fourteen of the dead are said to be soldiers.

Has a Majority of 28.**Max Hilsen, German, is Reported
M. E. for the Republican nomination
for burgess of Uniontown province to
be 28 instead of eight.**

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The Daily Courier.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Conneltsville, Pa.

THE CONNELL COMPANY,
Publishers.

J. P. SNYDER,
President and Managing Editor.
J. H. STIMMEL,
Secretary and Treasurer.
JAMES J. DRISCOLL,
Advertising and Circulation Manager.

TELEPHONE RING.
CITY EDITOR AND REPORTERS.
Bell 12, Two Rings; Tri-State, 55, Two Rings.

BUSINESS OFFICE, JOHN AND CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, 10th, 12, One Ring; Tri-State, 55, One Ring.
J. P. SNYDER, Editor and Manager, Bell 14.

SUBSCRIPTION.
DAILY, \$1 per year; 10 per copy. WEEKLY, \$1 per year; 10 per copy. PAY NO MONEY to carriers, but only to collectors with proper credentials. Any irregularities or carelessness in the delivery of the Courier to homes by the carriers in Conneltsville or our agents in other towns should be reported to this office at once.

ADVERTISING.
THE DAILY COURIER is the only daily newspaper in the Conneltsville region which has the honest and courage to print a daily paper with the delivery of the Courier to homes by the carriers in Conneltsville or our agents in other towns should be reported to this office at once.

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THURSDAY EVENING, SEP. 18, 1913.

WHAT CONNELLSVILLE LOST.

There were propositions before the Pennsylvania Legislature for appropriations for flood prevention and water conservation at the headwaters of the Youghiogheny and the Heaver rivers. The preliminary appropriation of \$100,000 asked for the drainage of the Pymatuning Swamp at the headwaters of the Shenango river, a tributary of the Heaver, and the construction of an impounding dam there, was granted; that of \$1,000,000 asked for a dam just above Somerset, on the Youghiogheny river, was cut in half by the bill. The bill was voted by Governor Tener. These appropriations were urged on the ground of public welfare, but as pointed out at the time in these columns there is an industrial side to them which means commercial expansion and commercial prosperity in their neighborhood. They not only involve electric power development, but they will go a long distance toward regulating the water supply important to manufacturing industries. Discarding this feature, The Daily Iron Trade says:

"The unparalleled and steady growth of industries in certain portions of Western Pennsylvania, situated at considerable distances from primary sources of water supply, is making the problem in the dry seasons peculiarly perplexing. This is especially true of the steel-making industry, which is situated in the Allegheny valley, still another problem was presented, i. e., that of taking care of the waters by means of steadily narrowing waterway. The flood problem itself has been brought to its present acute state by reason of the network of railroads in both valleys, railroads which are themselves vital to the iron and steel trade in these sections, having occupied both banks of the Shenango, Heaver and Mahoning rivers. This occupancy has resulted in the natural beds of these streams being steadily narrowed by means of fills until last spring it was demonstrated that none of these river beds is large enough to carry away extraordinary flood waters.

"The Pymatuning reservoir would serve two purposes, i. e., to store the flood waters in the spring and also to provide for the release in the dry season of many millions of gallons of water into the river, thus making available against midsummer drought the great stores which would be accumulated during the flood season."

The importance of the proposed Youghiogheny river dam to Conneltsville and all other towns situated below it which have industries dependent on the water supply can be better understood in the light of these comments from a leading industrial publication. Conneltsville does not suffer from floods, but during the summer droughts the water supply gets uncomfortably low. The flood prevention dam would insure a good supply of water at all seasons of the year.

PRIMARY ELECTION POINTS.

Now that the primary election is over, it will be interesting to know how much complication and litigation is to arise over the judicial interpretation of some of its peculiar features.

First and perhaps most important is the dispute over the constitutionality of the non-partisan ballot. Judge Van Swearingen of Fayette county found that it conflicted with the positive requirements of the higher law and it was consequently disregarded in Conneltsville. Other judges ruled that the law was demanded by public policy and that an accommodating Constitution would never stand in the way of it. With the exception of Conneltsville, the non-partisan ballot prevailed at all city elections, and in the state generally at all judicial elections. The fact opens the door to much litigation, but it strengthens the position of the higher law. It is a lamentable fact that even the higher courts are becoming so Pro-Procedural that they are inclined to think the Constitution is not at all times to be taken seriously, and that the highest law is that of Public Policy, which plainly construed means Public Chamber.

Another feature of the law, which was raised before the primary, was the question of the county and variously construed, was whether the Party Enrollment law repealed that portion of the old Uniform Primary law which requires the voter when challenged to swear that he voted at

the previous general election for a majority of candidates on the ticket of the party whose primary ballot he demands. The Party Enrollment law simply requires the voter, as a qualification for taking part in the primary, to direct the Registrar to enroll him as a member of some particular party. It was the evident intent of this law to give the voter the right to thus identify and ally himself with any party he chooses notwithstanding he may have held to a different faith at the election last fall in short, he was to be permitted to repent of past mistakes and get right with his political conscience. There were many good Republicans in this unhappy predicament, it will be remembered. The Party Enrollment law, under this interpretation, permitted them to come back gracefully; and they came, not tumultuously or unadvisedly, but largely and enthusiastically.

The Standardbears have not been the most popular people in politics recently, but in some matters we are inclined to think that they exhibited the largest wisdom. Some Progressive policies may prove all right, but most of them are little more than experiments, and some of them dangerous experiments.

The Draddock monument is an English tribute to a very worthy American citizen, the suggestion of some excellent American citizens of Uniontown extraction. When the latter set through honoring the British members of the Draddock expedition, perhaps they can spare time to think of the American who saved the British march and who subsequently defended the young nation's western frontier against the assaults of savages and steadily and forcefully advanced the line. It is true that Colonel William Crawford lived in Conneltsville, but that was not an unpardonable sin.

Football is coming on with a rush.

Statesman Stanley of Kentucky, who now poses as a steel expert, declared in an impassioned speech that the Pullman company wants to replace its wooden coaches with steel ones, but that it cannot get the steel. This unhappy condition he charges the Steel Corporation with creating, but he leaves us in the dark as to how and why it was done. The impression in these circles is that the Steel Corporation is glad to execute all the orders it can get under this booming Democratic administration. On, Stanley, on! And the villain still pursued her.

Primary election officers earn their pay.

The News still complains because one H. M. Kephart of Conneltsville took a more or less active part in the primary election. To say the least this is childish criticism. Kephart committed no crime; he only exercised the rights of citizenship; and it must be said in his favor that he did not try to divide the nominations of the opposite party, as the Democratic organ did.

The fall fashions are preparing to spring at us.

The two leading Republican candidates for Mayor of Pittsburgh were both nominated under the perfectly lovely new non-partisan-ballot-primary, and so they will tip fresh barrels and begin all over again.

The organ of the Barefoot Boy Combination shouldn't make so much noise about political bosses. It doesn't sound sincere.

Addison's hotel has gone up in smoke, and we are left in some doubt as to where those big snake stories will come from.

Primary results show the importance of a single vote.

The candidates for Poor Director and Jury Commissioner of Fayette county were something of a flock. The bare must have been let down.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, ever enterprising and persistent, is now meeting the demand for the elimination of the wooden passenger coach more than half way.

The primary voting was not so large, but the counting was distressingly long.

The primary ticket was supposed to be of the Short Ballot variety, but the ballot was anything but short.

The judicial river was a free-for-all, so free as to leave the impression that a better selection could have been made under the old plan.

The Mexican situation gets no better very fast.

Abe Martin.



Of all the summer action the vacation folders of the railroads are the worst.

If I only owned a wife I would not care who wrote the nation's songs. The girl of the period looks like a caricature of a girl.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

One Cent a Word.
No Advertisement for Less Than 15 Cents.
Classified columns close at noon. Advertisements of deaths, sales, etc., received after that hour will not appear until the day following.

Wanted.

WANTED—GIRL AT HOTEL ANDERSON, New Salem, Pa. 18sept-1td

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED maid. Apply MRS. HARRY DUNN, 227 South Prospect street. 18sept1td

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply 400 Johnston avenue, Conneltsville. 18sept1td

WANTED—LITHE SHAMPRINER for Saturday. UNION CLOTHING CO., 207 N. Pittsburgh street. 18sept1td

WANTED—WHITE GIRL FOR general housework. Apply MRS. SCHMITZ, 101 W. Main St. 18sept-1td

WANTED—A HORSE OVER 700 pounds and under 60 inches high. Apply 19 N. MT. VERNON AVE., Uniontown, Pa. 18sept1td

WANTED—THE OLIVER PLANTS 1, 2 and 3 are running every day and can still take on a few more miners and coke drawers. Apply to Foremen of the respective plants. 18sept1td

For Rent.
FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM, suitable for lady or gentleman; 318 S. PITTSBURG ST. 18sept1td

FOR RENT—TWO FURNISHED rooms. All conveniences. No. 602 EAST MAIN STREET. 18sept1td

FOR RENT—FRONT APARTMENT in Masonic Temple. Possession October 1st. See J. W. McCLARK, agent. 18sept1td

FOR RENT—ONE ROOM, GENTLEMAN preferred. All conveniences. 222 1/2 E. APPLE STREET. 18sept1td

FOR RENT—THE HUGH COLL property on Cedar avenue and Arch street. Inquire of D. H. J. COLL, West Apple street, Conneltsville, Pa. 18sept1td

For Sale.
FOR SALE—2 PAIR PIGS, 12IN weeks old. J. C. Forsythe, Vanderbilt Road. Tri-State 14-5. 18sept1td

FOR SALE—SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE lots. Convenient, cheap, easy terms. Inquire at THE COURIER OFFICE. 18sept1td

FOR SALE—HUGH COLL PROPERTY on Cedar avenue and Arch street. Inquire of D. H. J. COLL, West Apple street, Conneltsville, Pa. 18sept1td

FOR SALE—EIGHT ROOMS, LARGE lot, outbuildings, good well of water, fruit trees, etc. Inquire at the office of J. C. D. 25, Box 25. 18sept1td

FOR SALE—BARNHART FORD touring car. Electric lighted and in good condition. A bargain to quick buyer. CLARK POPE, Dunbar, Pa. 18sept1td

FOR SALE—MODEL 10, 4-PASSENGER, 22 1/2 H. P. Buick automobile, in good running condition. Apply to FRANK MONOSKEY, House No. 25, Trotter, Pa. 18sept1td

FOR SALE—ONE 11 ROOM FRAME house; bath and gas, hot water heat, etc. Inquire to H. & G. shops. Price \$1,800. A bargain. See 123-WARD BUILDING. 18sept1td

FOR SALE—SMALL BRICK HOUSE and lot on First street in South Conneltsville; four rooms, finished cellar; natural gas, city water and electric light. One block from the street car line. South end of brick row. Price \$1,000 cash. H. J. SVOCHER, The Courier Building, Conneltsville, Pa. 18sept1td

Notice of Meeting.
THE REGULAR MEETING OF THE OWLA SECT OF CONNELLSVILLE will be held every Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock in Goodman's building, 130 S. Main street. All members are cordially invited to attend. W. H. HANNA, President. 18sept1td

Notice to Coal Dealers.
BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE Dunbar Township School Board for supplying coal for the school term. Give price per building for the several schools. The board reserved the right to reject any or all bids. Bids must be in the hands of secretary, September 20, 1913. C. B. FRANKS, President. J. T. DONOVAN, Secretary. Leontine, Pa. 18sept1td

Administrators' Notice.
J. G. May, Attorney
ESTATE OF ELIZABETH HALL, late of Springfield township, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, deceased. Letters of administration on the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and to those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. J. M. HALL, Administrator. 18sept1td

Divorce Notice.
L. G. Chorprenant, Attorney.
GIOVANNA PIPPA VS. EMILIO PIPPA, in the Court of Common Pleas of Fayette county, Pa. No. 35 September term, 1913. To Emilio Pippa, respondent, you are hereby notified that the subpoena and alias subpoena in this case have been returned. "Non est inventus" you are therefore required to appear in the Court of Common Pleas of Fayette county, Pa. on the first Monday of October of said Court, A. D. 1913, to answer the libel and complaint filed therein, and show cause, if any you have, why a divorce from the bonds of matrimony should not be granted the libellant above named. MAINT A. KLEPPER, Sheriff. Sheriff's office, September 10, 1913. sept11-18-25oct12

Divorce Notice.
L. G. Chorprenant, Attorney.
ANNA M. HUBB VS. RAY HUBB, in the Court of Common Pleas of Fayette county, Pa. No. 215 June Term, 1913. To Ray Hubb, respondent, you are hereby notified that the subpoena and alias subpoena in this case have been returned. "Non est inventus" you are therefore required to appear in the Court of Common Pleas of Fayette county, Pa. on the first Monday of October of said Court, A. D. 1913, to answer the libel and complaint filed therein, and show cause, if any you have, why a divorce from the bonds of matrimony should not be granted the libellant above named. MAINT A. KLEPPER, Sheriff. Sheriff's office, September 10, 1913. sept11-18-25oct12

Modern Inventions.

SUBWAYS.

By GEORGE FITZEL.

Author of "At Good Old Slawish."

A subway is an honest way of getting ahead by underground methods. When a city becomes so large that people cannot cross the streets without wearing fenders and tall lights, it begins to build subways. New York City now has a large number of two and three story streets.

This enables the people to travel in the damp subcellars of a great city while the horses and automobiles enjoy the bright pure air above without contributing to these qualities in any degree.

When a subway is completed large quantities of street cars are imprisoned in it for life and stations are built from which passengers may enter the cars if they keep in good training.

A subway train does not have to stop for teams, pedestrians or cows on the track. It runs forty miles an hour and every time it crashes over a rail joint the riding echoes against the concrete side of the subway. This echo rebounds until it collides with itself in the middle and breaks into a million fragments, each one of which reverberates.

When a subway train is hurrying a little a passenger could shoot another passenger with a gatling gun and keep the affair an entire secret. Because of its great speed a subway train can carry a passenger from one end of Manhattan to the other while he is trying to get off at the first station. Getting on a subway train and playing "Station, station, who's got the station?" is a favorite amusement with the bewildered

stranger in New York. The subway is warm and cozy in the bitter winter and is greatly beloved by its patrons. It continues to grow warmer and cozier through the spring, and by summer it is warmer and cozier than a steam dome. If the management would only provide cooling rooms and reclining chairs at the stations it would have the



"By summer it is warmer and cozier than a steam dome." greatest Turkish bath in the world. The subway is very popular and thousands of people lose buttons and collars every year trying to get into the cars in rush hours. It is popular because it carries a total stranger on the toes of a passenger farther in less time for a nickel than any other conveyance.

Free School Bags



With Every Pair

of School Shoes for boy or girl. We have just gotten all of our Boys' and Girls' Shoes for the Fall and Winter. We have been very careful in buying them, because we realize that the average boy or girl is hard on shoes, especially the ones they wear to school. We want you to see them, whether you buy or not. We think we have the ones that will stand the knocks.

Remember—We give a School Bag Free with every pair of School Shoes you buy.

Downs' Shoe Store

Connellsville's Leading High Grade Shoe Store.
For Women—Queen Quality, Ziegler Bros.
For Men—Walkovers, Bun-
nisters.

Here's a Real Example.

In the city of Providence, Rhode Island, is a store that does the second largest retail men's clothing business in the world. Take the ratio of its sales to the population of the city and its volume is almost unbelievable. This business has been built up on Nationally Advertised brands of clothing—largely through daily newspaper advertising. The merchant saw the advantage of co-operation. While the manufacturers made known the merits of their brands, the

merchant used his home newspapers to emphasize the fact that he "kept them." A dozen other instances of this same kind could be cited. Mr. Manufacturer, dealers are anxious to co-operate with you. They will help you if you help them to create a demand by advertising in the mediums they use—the newspapers. The Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers Association, World Building, New York, will be glad to give you data in regard to a co-operative newspaper campaign.

Men of Our City!

Your feet are your best friends, and the best Shoes are none too good for them. If you have permitted the necessary charge to stand in the way of your owning your first pair of Nettleton Shoes, overcome this prejudice and make a real shoe investment.

FALL STYLES ARE READY.

Hooper & Long

104 W. Main St.

FOR THE WORKINGMAN
SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE
LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

Coats & Suits

That Possess Style and Wearing Quality

Just a word about the quality of our Cloaks and Suits. We want to impress upon all who share their patronage with us that there is not included in our entire stock one single garment that was purchased solely with the intention of offering cheap merchandise in competition with those who do. Neither do we wish to be understood as being high priced. The real policy of this old establishment is to offer a broad line of exclusive wearing apparel at popular prices—the very best you will find offered anywhere for the money. Before purchasing your Fall Coat or Suit, we want you to visit this store, investigate our merchandise and see if you can't benefit by the long years of buying experience of Your Old Home Store.

CLOSING NOTICE

Commencing Monday, September 15th, this store will open at 8.00 o'clock and close at 5.30. The last Legislature passed a law limiting the hours for employment of women to 54 hours per week. We heartily approve of this law and intend to live up to it, and we believe that every woman who is interested in the welfare of her fellow women will by her influence help seeing to it that this law is enforced.

Bath Towel Specials.

Among the first to arrive from the Eastern market was a shipment of Turkish Bath Towels in two sizes and weights. These are of unusual quality to be offered at this price, the pair **25c and 50c**

Bath Mats.

Extra fine washable Bath Mats, size 30x60, and guaranteed fast color, shown in blue, green and navy, with small designs in white and fancy borders. Just the thing for the bath room **\$2.00**

E. DUNN

129-131-133 Pittsburg Street.

Fall Apparel For Women and Children

We have distinctive styles that afford remarkable savings in every line. Staples and Novelties are here in all the fashionable colors, and at prices, which are typical of the economy that is always to be found in the Union Supply Company's stores. If you want to save money this fall on new, smart, reliable merchandise, you may do so by shopping with us. Our aim is to please our customers, and give the best values in the coke region. We also wish to call your attention to our new display of the latest and newest styles in trimmed hats. Autumn hats in such a variety of colors, shapes and trimmings that you are practically certain of finding what you want. Satin, plushes, moires and velvets in a variety of becoming shapes; trimmed in the best possible style. Your inspection is invited.

Union Supply Co.

63 Large Department Stores.

Located in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny Counties.

DRILLER ENGAGED FOR GAS TESTING NEAR SCOTSDALE

Predictions of This Move
Here Near Their Re-
alization.

MANY ACRES HERE UNDER LEASE

Scottdale Man Will Explore Two-
Thousand Acre Field He Has Been
Working; Other Large Tracts are
Also Under Lease in That Section.

Special to The Courier.

SCOTSDALE, Sept. 18.—Just as soon as the driller can get a derrick and outfit set up they will begin the predicted test for gas and oil in the large territory which has been leased for prospecting west of town. The news is the most important in years for the landowners of this section, and its importance is large to the town, since, should the prospectors be successful in finding a paying flow of gas, Scottdale, by its proximity to the field, would be in a position to secure new manufacturing plants, by the presence of plenty of fuel and water.

L. P. Doolittle of Scottdale, who has been working for some time on the proposition, having under lease over 2,000 acres of land, from Grandview Church back to Westley Chapel and Mount Aetna, contracted this week with Samuel Eaker, an expert well driller of Washington, to start the work of testing at the earliest possible date. Mr. Doolittle says that the work will be rushed as rapidly as possible in order to make an adequate test, this fall as can be made. A steel derrick will be shipped here, and also a new boiler to furnish the steam for the drilling. These will be hauled out from Scottdale and are expected to arrive this week.

The first test will be made on the De Harper tract, and a well will be sunk that will satisfy the prospectors as to the pressure or lack of oil or gas. The test will not stop with one well but will be one to cover the entire territory.

The whole section is under lease. The Jacobs Creek Oil & Gas Company have a large territory from lower Jacobs Creek up to the C. C. Nash farm, about 2,200 acres lying under lease. The Jacobs Creek Natural Gas Company also has hundreds of acres under lease in that section. John D. Brennan, the coke operator of Scottdale, owns a large tract fronting on Jacobs Creek. Mrs. Sarah Eaker, wife of the driller, who is operating in the prospect coal near Chantown, is also the owner of a large slice of the land in the territory that is considered as promising.

All the leased territory is in good shape, on several tracts regular rental being paid during the life of the lease. Should the search for gas or oil be successful the dreams of the farmers of that section of making a good thing out of their hills would likely come true. The prospect of the work will be watched with the most interest of anything done in East or South Huntingdon townships in many years.

SCOTSDALE LINEUP.
Much wariness is looked for in the three-cornered fight for the election on burgess in Scottdale as three men looked upon as strong will be in it. W. Newton Porter is the nominee of the Republicans, Harry Langworthy of the Democrats and Walter L. Schaffer of the Washington party. The votes of each as compared with the other candidates show the opinion apparently felt by the voters regarding the fight in the fall. S. H. McVillain, a candidate for the nomination as tax collector, who was opposed on both the Republican and Washington tickets by C. B. Wiley had plenty of support in an election and is the nominee of both parties. C. D. Weimer being collector. McVillain's opponent on the Democratic ticket, and without opposition.

For the two councilman places in the first ward H. A. Harty and J. M. Pool will appear as Republicans, P. H. Hilly and J. M. Pool as Democrats and H. G. Marla and H. D. Stouch as Washington nominees.

In the second ward J. E. Hardy and C. M. Jarett are the Republican nominees and John Galt and David Berry the Democratic nominees for council.

In the third ward Ralph Stamer and J. W. Zimmerman are the Republican nominees for council, A. A. Getzen and D. I. McIntire the Democratic.

In the fourth ward W. T. Massey and Edward Finney will be the nominees on the Democratic ticket and William Butler on the Republican ticket.

For school director in the borough two to be elected for six years, O. I. Hays and Homer M. Ruth are the Republican-Washington nominees, and Edgar H. Anderson and Harry L. Bell the Democratic nominees. For school director, one for four years Joseph M. Zimmerman is the Republican-Washington nominee and Homer Morrison the Democratic nominee. For school director for two years L. E. Johnston is the Republican-Washington nominee and S. O. Steiner the Democratic nominee.

E. H. Rutherford is nominated for justice of the peace on the Republican and Washington tickets and Daniel Gaffney on the Democratic ticket. H. M. Burke and William Ritchie are the Republican nominees for Ald. Hays and S. L. R. Kline and J. L. Stone are nominated on the Democratic ticket.

In many places on the tickets no candidates names appeared and ones were written in so that in many cases there are ties and nominees will have to be selected from those who may have only one vote as in some instances.

TOWNSHIP NOTES.
In East Huntingdon township a consolidation of the votes cast at the Stagers, Strohm, Whites, Ruffdale, Hessemer No. 2, and Hessemer No. 1, was as follows:

Republican—School Director—Vote for two—C. I. Harty, 115; H. M. Ruth, 65; J. W. Ruth, 62; William Storer,

RAYGOR'S Fall Opening Display OR MILLINERY, COATS and SUITS

Will Take Place at Our Store

Saturday, Sept. 20th.

This exhibition will be a notable one in each of these departments as it will include a large number of the latest FALL designs in each department.

In MILLINERY there will be shown many interesting shapes, also a variety of exquisite

Pattern Hats.

A Cordial Invitation Is Given you to visit our store during this exhibition.

J. L. RAYGOR'S,
SCOTSDALE, PA.

FALL MILLINERY SHOWING

A Very Attractive Display at the Parlors of Miss Flora McFarland.

The millinery parlors of Miss Flora McFarland were thronged with spectators of fashion yesterday, the attraction being the annual fall showing of goods. Elegance may well be pronounced the keynote to this year's exhibit. Never has more latitude been given to the individual preference, such as small close-fitting crowns, with dainty up-curling brims. No extremely large hats are being shown. The prevailing colors are: sapphire blue, taupe, tan, tete-de-negre and mahogany. Luxurious silks, velvets and velvets with high-up standing trim effect are greatly favored. Here and attractive models of Paris hats, as well as the beautiful original creations, were displayed. The hat that chiefs around the face is greatly favored. As the wheel of fashion turns, so has the brim of hats, being after all one of the features that mark the latest styles.

The popular Ninette hat, with narrow brim in the front and turned up extremely high in the back, was shown in a modish model of black velvet, with exquisite sapphire ostrich feathers plumed in the back. An enchanting deer model, with a gold crown, trimmed with shawl and a Gossamer hat in a small turban effect, with a band of fish for around the brim, and a panache feather at the side, attracted great attention. An especially handsome model was a quaint little bonnet effect of black plush, trimmed with sapphire blue ribbon and roses. Adding to its quaintness was the popular chin strap. Equally as pretty was a Madison Bernard model in a three-cornered effect, with a shadow-hair crown and hair faced with rose satin. A large rose and falling of shadow-face completed its trimming.

It would be impossible to go into detail to describe the many handsome models, including the stylish hat and butterfly trim, with wings spreading across the back or poised at the end of large quills; the Canille Roger hat in mahogany, with a wreath of panicles in the pastel shades; two handsome models in pearly-pink, one a Gossamer with round wings around the crown, and a touch of old gold in the square sailor, with a square effect of black lace; the Tore sailor, the Evelyn Varen model, the popular item brand hat, with Tam-o-Shanter crown split at the back, and a standing ribbon trim; the fetching small hat with a wreath of algerettes, and the smartly tailored white plush sailor with chin strap. These were among the many exquisite creations shown.

An Alston model of Tanure, with a high ribbon trim and a feather band, was extremely smart. The gown, purples, fantasies, ostrich feathers, ribbons and flowers, are among the popular trimmings.

It will pay you to read our advertising columns carefully. You will find bargains mentioned there every day.

Miss Irene McWilliams

Teacher of Piano,
Harmony and Theory.
Graduate of New England
Conservatory of Music.
804 Loucks Avenue,
SCOTSDALE, PA.
Bell Phone 137.

One Cent a Word
for classified advertisements. Try them

Kiferle's Orchestra
Afternoon 2.30 to 5.
Evening 7.30 to 9.

TODAY OPENING DAY

A wonderfully impressive and interesting display of latest Fall and Winter Fashions presented today in the Kobacker Store to the delight and entertainment of hundreds of visitors from our own and neighboring towns.

LIVING MODELS
2.30 to 5 Afternoon
7.30 to 9 Evening.

A Peerless Exhibition of Newest European and American Creations

All classes of Millinery and Wearing Apparel displayed on Professional Living Models—Two Exhibitions, 2:30 to 5:30 P. M., and 7:30 to 9:00 P. M.

Displays Set the Fashion for Connellsville

Fashion began her new-season reign at the "Dependable Store" today. Surrounded on all sides by her newest style caprices, and with the store suddenly transformed into a wonderful court of beauty, her dictates won eager attention and prompt admiration.

Taken as a whole, our Opening Exposition is a fine fascinating and finished portrayal of what the distinctive, demanded, new fashions really are—devoid of anything grotesque, but inclusive of everything that will have the favor of those of better taste.

The grand preparedness of every section surely must impress you with the advantages of selecting now all that the new season makes imperative. And that is especially true of the sections devoted to women's, misses' juniors and children's Fall and Winter Apparel, Millinery, Dress Accessories, Silks, Woolens, Wash Fabrics, Laces, Dress Trimmings and other lines.

To give a visit to this store during Opening Week added importance and interest, we have arranged special values in every department. Having realized the full value of moderate prices in conjunction with quality and style, this store is in a position to offer some very attractive economies during this season. Special attention is directed to those prepared for Friday. Make the most of your visit tomorrow.

KOBACKER'S
THE BIG STORE

FALL OPENING
AT THE
Atwood Millinery Company
Friday and Saturday
SEPTEMBER 19 and 20.
SHOWING OF THE
MOST UP-TO-DATE STYLES.
S. & H. Green Trading Stamps Given.
SCOTSDALE, PA.

DO IT NOW—SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COURIER.

They're Coming Back

Our best advertisement is our host of satisfied customers. Our best evidence that "After All Footer's Is Best" is that our old customers are coming back. If you've something very fine that requires skill and care, send it here—likewise, your other work for satisfaction is not expensive. Why not get the habit of sending it to Footer's?

J. W. McCLAREN, Agent
FOOTER'S DYE WORKS.

Exclusive Tailor and Haberdashery, Main Street



If you wish to save, and at the same time maintain the high standard of your table, our daily offerings in high class groceries and provisions offer the correct solution to your problem. Here high quality and low prices go hand in hand. A few examples:

Gold Medal Flour—	8 lb. basket Blue
50 lb. sack\$1.45	Grapes27c
25 lb. sack75c	Sweet Rockyford Cantaloupes, 3 and 4....25c
Pure lard, lb15c	Cruikshank's Apple Butter, 25c size....20c
2 lbs. Comp. Lard .25c	3 large bottles Cat-sup25c
25 lb. sack Sugar .130	Canning Peaches per bushel\$2.00
Fancy new Potatoes per bushel90c	
Fancy Jersey Sweets per peck30c	

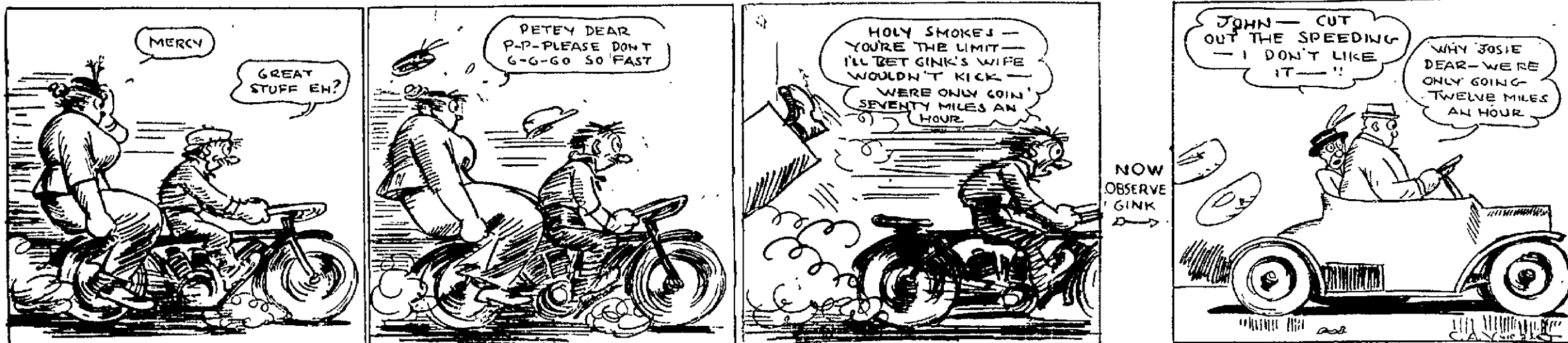
Call and See Other Prices.

Connellsville Market

IF YOU WANT

Anything, Have Anything for Sale or Rent, Try Our Classified Ads at One Cent a Word. They Bring the Results.

MRS. WORRY—Some Various Ideas of Speed.



The Stage and The Players.



Scene from "Within the Law."

THE SOISSON.

THE MERRY BURLESQUERS TONIGHT.

The theatre-going public of this city have been known for their excellent taste in patronizing burlesques, which secures the large and handsome production of The Merry Burlesquers, which makes their appearance at the

can be seen when he plays his engagement here. He has the best and prettiest costumes designed by one of New York's best costumers; then proceeded to secure pretty and shapely girls to wear them, and as a result, a gorgeously gowned and beautiful chorus surrounded the large and competent company of people. Headed by the well known comedian and pro-

Wilson, the President occupied a box at the Elting Theatre, New York City, and witnessed a performance of "Within the Law." He was accompanied by his friend, Colonel E. M. House and two Secret Service men and laughed and applauded heartily throughout the evening. Between the third and last acts, a young man made his way to where the President sat and the audience realizing that something was afoot, began to applaud vociferously. The object of their interest was so engrossed with his visitor that he did not at first respond. Presently, he rose and bowed, raising his hand for silence. "I wish to present to you," he said, "the author of the play, 'Mr. Hayard Vellor.' The young playwright, however, being back in the shadow of the box and refused to face the applause. As it showed no signs of abating, Mr. Wilson stepped out to the front. An expectant stillness settled over the house, but the speech all hoped for was brief. "The newspaper men in the opposite box," the President said with a smile, "will tell you that I am making a virtue of silence." With which he returned to his seat after bowing to the cheering outburst of applause. "I was never more thrilled and interested in my life," was his observation to Mr. Vellor, as he prepared to leave his box after the performance.

"Within the Law" is the play which ran for an entire year at one theatre in New York City and which will be seen at the Solson Theatre Friday, September 19.

"QUO VADIS?" the story, and "Quo Vadis" the play have thrilled audiences in every part of the civilized world. It is an absorbing romance that has won for its author an ever-lasting niche in the hall of art and literature. Yet it remained for "Quo Vadis" in motion pictures to furnish an awe-inspiring dramatization of Roman society under Nero, with its orgies and excesses, its pomp and pageantry, its human wreaths and barbaric revels in debauchery by sword and fire, and its persecution of the early Christians as here exemplified in the actual burning of Rome, the martyrs thrown to the savage beasts, the human torches to light Nero's garden and the struggle and conquering of a savage bull by the Giant Ursus. At the Solson Theatre for three days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 22, 23 and 24.



Some of the Merry Burlesquers.

Solson Theatre tonight under the direction of the able producer and comedian, R. W. Craig, who has secured so expensive to make this attraction the best he has ever presented, and that he has succeeded

THE ARCADE.

BIG CITY SHOW.

Manager "Bud" Hall has booked a show for the last half of this week which usually plays only big city time. The feature act will be Edney Broth-

ers and company in their one act musical comedy entitled "Shimmering in Chinatown." There are ten distinct characters in this act portraying the New York underworld as it really is. Special music and orchestra has been engaged for the act for all shows, music and new music. The act is very pretty electrical effects has been installed and the improvement will be quickly noted. The other acts are Johnny Hunch, the boy wonder, who is there with the real goods and a close second to the famous Scotch artist Harry Lawder. And Lakone and Juliet, a team that will make you sit up and take notice with their acrobatic stunts. Particular attention is called to the Arcade's new and splendid screen which shows the brightest, clearest and best pictures in town. One visit will suffice to create appreciation of this fact.

WILL DRAIN A LAKE TO RECOVER THE ORE.

Steel Corporation Undertakes Big Job on Mesabi Range; Other Ore Developments.

To transfer more than 200,000,000 gallons of water from Carson Lake to the stream leading into Kelly Lake is the task that it is reported, will be undertaken on the Mesabi range by the United States Steel Corporation. It plans to do this by means of a dam and a series of locks, and the necessary appropriation is made, says the Cleveland Iron Trade Review. Drilling is reported to have shown the existence of a big body of ore under the bed of Carson Lake. In the Chisholm field of the Mesabi, the Steel Corporation has resumed the stripping operations at the Monroe-Tenor mine. The work had been suspended since last winter. No ore has been taken from this place since 1907, and at that time the property was mined on the milling system. In the same locality, the Great Northern interests are stripping the Dunwiddie property. Work was started last summer and has been pushed steadily ever since. Three shovels are at work and have been most of the summer. About 200 men are employed. It is the intention to push the work until it is finished in the autumn of 1917. It is included in an account of this pit being so close to the Monroe mine, it has been necessary to remove several buildings, which stood close to the excavation. Part of the land on the north side has been used for the last few years by people at the Monroe for truck gardening. Next year this area will be taken into the strip-ping. It is estimated that 2,000,000 cubic yards of overburden has already been taken out. This is only a small part of the total stripping to be done. It is reported that the Great Northern interests have planned to open four prospects in the vicinity of Calumet, at the western end of the Mesabi, the work to start the coming fall. One of these tracts, owned by the state, contains more than 10,000,000 tons of ore.

RECENT PATENTS.

Of Special Interest to the Coal and Coke Trade.

The following recently granted patents of interest to the coal and coke trade are reported expressly for The Weekly Courier by W. G. Doolittle, Patent Attorney, Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., from whom copies may be prepared for 15 cents each:

Dynamo-electric apparatus for firing mines, Konrad Schaffner, rekte, Glesel, Vienna, Austria-Hungary, No. 1,072,511.

Coke loader, Perry R. Jordan and William Wright, Adamsville, Alabama, No. 1,072,521.

Apparatus for separating fine coal and the waste materials thereof, George B. Damon, Glenview, Ill., assignor to Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company, No. 1,072,533.

Coke oven door, Hermann Kieckert, Herrington, near Hamm, Westphalia, Germany, No. 1,072,557.

Stop for mining-cars, James A. Nolan, Bowston, Ohio, No. 1,072,577.

Friends Expected Her to Die.

"I sincerely believe my life was saved in the Fall of 1910 by using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Mrs. Agnes Booth, Tonawanda, N. Y. "I was taken with diarrhea followed by an attack of dizziness. The doctor at the time failed to portray the agonies I endured. My friends expected me to die as I had been unable to get relief for so long a time. This remedy went directly to the seat of the trouble and cured me in a few hours' time." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

An Autumn Trip

after the rush of summer travel is over, is delightful. For list of Personally Conducted Tours in this country and abroad see Foreign Department of the First National Bank.—Adv.

Poisonous Lacks Men.

Operations of the Pennsylvania field in West Virginia are making valiant efforts to meet the natural increase in demand for their coal, but are handicapped by a lack of men.

GEOLOGICAL FIELD WORK IN PROGRESS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Parties Under Direction of Federal and State Authorities.

THE THREE GENERAL BRANCHES.

Covering Geology, Topography and Water Resources; Work Now Being Done in the Western Part of the State Including Somerset County.

So many of the most important industries of Pennsylvania relate directly to the development of its mineral resources that the work of the United States Geological Survey and that of the Topographic and Geologic Survey, Commission of Pennsylvania have always been of especial importance in this state. The fact that the Federal Survey, whose activities include the entire United States, as well as Alaska and Hawaii, distributes every year over a million maps and printed reports and answers 150,000 to 160,000 letters may be taken as an indication of the extent to which the conclusions of the Government bureaus are sought by the public. While the western portion of the United States is receiving a larger share of attention from the Federal Geological Survey than some of the older states of the East, owing to the requirements of the classification of public lands, special attention is being given to the mineral resources of Pennsylvania, both through the Federal Survey and the State Commission.

The field work of the United States Geological Survey is organized under three general branches, namely: 1. The geological branch; 2. The topographic branch; 3. The water resources branch. Investigations are being made in mining development in the Curwensville, Houtzdale and Punxsutawney quadrangles, located in Clearfield, Indiana and Jefferson counties, which are being surveyed by the United States Geological Survey in cooperation with the State Commission. This work is being prosecuted under the direction of George H. Ashley. In this connection J. H. Hance will examine new mines, collecting coal samples for analysis, and will investigate recent developments in the clay industry of the region. Later Mr. Hance will examine the shales and clays in the Somerset quadrangle, the detailed areal and economic geology of which is now under examination by G. B. Richardson. The Somerset quadrangle, which lies to the southwest of the Johnstown quadrangle, in Somerset county, contains a part of the coal field that is now rapidly developing. This field lies in the same basin as the celebrated Windber field.

The areal and stratigraphic geology of the Huntingdon quadrangle in Huntingdon county, is now being mapped by Charles Butts, who will combine the descriptions and maps of this quadrangle with those of the Hollidaysburg quadrangle, previously mapped by him for publication in a single folio of the Geological Atlas of the United States. A small strip along the northern border of the Williamsport and Huntingdon quadrangles, which is being examined in cooperation with the Maryland Geological Survey, falls within the State of Pennsylvania and will be examined and mapped by G. W. Stoss.

Reports on the shales and on the detailed geology of several areas in the western part of the state are now in preparation. The topographic branch of the Survey is making in cooperation with the Pennsylvania State Commission, surveys of five 15-minute quadrangles, each having an approximate area of 225 square miles. These quadrangles are: The Reading, in Berks county; the Windber and Somerset, in Cambria, Somerset and Westmoreland counties; the Northeast, in Erie county; and the Millford, in Pike county. The Reading and Millford quadrangles are being mapped by Topographers Hersey Munroe, R. C. McKinney and Oliver Smith; the Windber and Somerset quadrangles by Robert Muldrow, T. P. Slaughter and E. E. Witherspoon, and the Northeast by J. M. Beth.

This work includes detailed surveys necessary to prepare maps which will show all rivers, towns, roads and railroads, as well as the surface relief of the country by means of 20-foot contour lines. The completed maps will be engraved on the scale of one mile to one inch and will probably not be ready for distribution until two years after the completion of the field work.

In connection with its investigations of surface water, the United

In Your Hour of Need

when adversity strikes you, it is a deep satisfaction to have a savings account with this old, reliable bank— You know where to go for money and do not have to depend upon the reluctant aid of relatives or friends. If you have not opened an account, better do so at once— Don't let another day go without making this wise provision for future contingencies. We pay 4% interest and you can begin with \$1 or more.

Write or call for booklet telling about many things this strong company can do for you.

YOUGH TRUST COMPANY,

"Where Helpful Service is Assured."

Capital \$200,000. Resources \$1,116,000. Connellsville, Pa.

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

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THE MAIDS OF PARADISE

By Robert W. Chambers
Author of "Cardigan," "The Conspirators,"
"Maids at Arms," etc.

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"Treason!" she repeated, in an unsteady voice. "Is it treason for a small community to live quietly here, in the Atlantic hills, harming nobody, asking nothing save freedom of thought? Treason! Monsieur, the word has an ugly ring to me. I am a soldier's daughter!"

There was something touchingly logical in the last words—this young woman of peace naively displaying her own sense of the mere word "treason" as something.

"Because I have learned that the boundaries of nations are not the boundaries of human hearts, am I a traitor? Because I know no country but the world, so speech but the universal speech that one reads in a brother's eyes, because I know no barriers, no boundaries, no limits to human brotherhood, am I a traitor?"

The young Countess had risen in her excitement and had laid one slender, unadorned hand upon the table.

"Wait," she said. "What is this war to us? The Emperor? What is he to us? We who have not a watch on the world's outer ramparts, guarding the white banner of universal brotherhood! What is this war to us?"

"Do you mean to say that you care nothing for your own homeland?" she asked, sharply.

"I care for the world—all of it—every inch—and if France is part of the world, so is this Prussia that we are teaching our poor peasants to hate."

"Madame," said I, "the women of France today think differently. Our Creator did not make love of country a trite virtue, but a passion, and set it in our bodies along with our other passions. If in you it is absent, that concerns pathology, not the police!"

She had turned a trifle pale; now she sank back into her chair, looking at me with those troubled gray eyes in which heaven itself had set truth and loyalty.

"Come," said Bazard, in a ragged, choked voice, "let it end here, Monsieur Scarrlett. If the government sends you here as a spy and an offender, say so, and you are not sent as a missionary."

My ears began to burn. "That is true," I said, looking at the Countess, whose face had become expressive. "I ask your pardon for what I have said and . . . for what I am about to do."

There was a silence. Then, in a low voice, I placed them under formal arrest, one by one, touching each lightly on the shoulder as I passed by.

And when I came to the Countess, she rose, without embarrassment, I moved my lips and stretched out my arm, barely touching her. She was my prisoner.

"I must ask you to prepare for a journey," I said. "You have your own horses, of course?"

Without answering, Dr. Delmont walked away toward the stables; Professor Tavernier followed him, head bent.

"We shall want very little," said the Countess, calmly, to Mademoiselle Elven. "Will you pack up what we need? And you, Monsieur Bazard, will you be good enough to go to Trois-Feuilles and hire old Brauer's carriage?"

"Madame," said I, "before I mix the government trail to the doors of your house I must ask you to conduct me to the roof of the east wing."

She bent her head in acquiescence; I followed her up the terrace into a

name is this man to you, madame? He is a militant anarchist, whose creed is not yours, whose propaganda teaches merciless violence, whose programme is terror."

She was gazing at me with dilated eyes, her hands holding tight to the balcony.

"Did you not know that?" I asked, astonished.

"No," she said.

"You are not aware that John Buckhurst is the soul and center of the Belleville Reds?"

"It is—it is false!" she stammered.

"No, madame, it is true. He wears a mask here; he has deceived you all."

"John Buckhurst will answer for himself," she said, steadily.

"When, madame?"

For answer she stepped across the hall and laid one hand against the blank wall. Then, reaching upward, she drew from between the ponderous blocks little strips of steel, colored like mortar, dropping them to the stone floor, where they rang out. When she had flung away the last one, she stepped back and set her frail shoulder to the wall; instantly a mass of stony on an unseasoned pivot, a yellow light streamed

"I repeated, then raised my glasses. Another message came by sign: 'Attention, La Trappe.' Uhlans reported near the village of Trois-Feuilles; have you seen them?"

Prussian Uhlans! Here in the rear of our entire army! Nonsense! And I signaled a vigorous:

"No. Have you?"

To which came the disturbing reply: "Be on your guard. We are ordered to display the semaphore at danger. Repeat."

The Countess de Vassart had come up to where I was standing on the balcony, balanced over the gulf below. Very cautiously I began to step backward, for there was not room to turn around.

"I beg you will be careful," she said. "It is a useless risk to stand out there."

I had never known the dread of great heights which many people feel, and I laughed and stepped backward, expecting to land on the parapet behind me. But the point of my scabbard struck against the battlements, forcing me outward; I stumbled, staggered, and swayed a moment, striving desperately to recover my balance; I felt my gloved fingers slipping along the smooth face of the parapet, my knees gave way with terror; then my fingers clutched something—an arm—and I swung back, slap against the parapet, hanging to that arm with all my weight. A terrible effort and I planted my boots on the leads and looked up with sick eyes into the eyes of the Countess.

"Can you stand it?" I groaned, clutching her arm with my other hand.

"Yes—don't be afraid," she said calmly. "Draw me toward you; I can not draw you over."

"Press your knees against the battlements," I gasped.

She bent one knee and wedged it into a niche.

"Don't be afraid; you are not hurt," she said, with a shy smile.

I raised one hand and caught her shoulder, then, drawn forward, I seized the parapet in both arms, and vaulted to the stone roof.

A fog seemed to blot my eyes; I shook from hair to heel and laid my hand against the solid stone, while the blank, throbbing seconds passed. The Countess stood there, shocked and breathless. I saw her sleeve in rage, and the snowy skin all bruised beneath.

What irony lurks in blind chance that I should owe this woman my life—this woman whose home I had come to confound, whose friends I had arrested, who herself was now my prisoner, destined to the shame of exile!

Perhaps she divined my thoughts—I do not know—but she turned her troubled eyes to the arched window, where a painted saint knelt and best his breast with two heavy stones.

"Madame," I said slowly, "your courage and your goodness to me have made my task a heavy one. Can I lighten it for you in any manner?"

She turned towards me, almost timidly. "Would I go to Morsbronn before—before I cross the frontier? I have a house there; there are a few things I would like to take."

She stopped short, seeing, doubtless, the pith of refusal in my face. "But, after all, it does not matter. I suppose your orders are formal?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then it is a matter of honor?"

"A soldier is always on his honor; a soldier's daughter will understand that."

"Understand," she said.

We had stopped by a mutual impulse, at the head of the stone stairway.

"Why do you shelter such a man as John Buckhurst?" I asked, abruptly.

She raised her eyes to me with perfect composure.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have come here from Paris to arrest him."

She bent her head thoughtfully and laid the tips of her fingers on the sculptured balustrade.

"To me," she said, "there's no such thing as a political crime."

"It is not for a political crime that we want John Buckhurst," I said, watching her. "It is for a civil offense."

Her face was like marble; her hands lightened on the fretted carving.

"What crime is he charged with?" she asked, without moving.

"He is charged with being a common thief," I said.

"It is brutal to make such a charge!" she said. "Will you pledge me your honor that if he answers satisfactorily to that false charge of theft, the government will let him go free?"

"I will take it upon myself to do so," said I. "But when Morsbronn

specimen of Imperial Police requires a portion of mounted gendarmes at once."

It may have been half a minute before I saw two officers advance to the railing of the lower and signal: "Attention, La Trappe!"

Pencil and pad on my knee, I managed to use my field-glasses and jot down the message:

"Polono of mounted gendarmes goes to you as soon as possible. Repeat."

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"I will take it upon myself to do so," said I. "But when Morsbronn



"Stand Back From That Table!"

out, and there was a tiny chamber, illuminated by a lamp, and a man just rising from his chair.

CHAPTER IV.

Prisoners.

This is Monsieur Scarrlett, of the Imperial Military Police, said the Countess, in a clear voice, ending with that slightly rising inflection which demands an answer.

"Mr. Buckhurst," I said, "I am an Inspector of Military Police, and I cannot begin to tell you what a pleasure this meeting is to me."

I stepped forward and placed him lightly under arrest, touching him lightly on the shoulder. He did not move a muscle, yet, beneath the thin cloth of his coat, I could divine a frame of iron. "You have not asked me why I arrest you," I suggested.

"And, monsieur, I must ask you to step back from that table—quick!—don't move!—not one finger!"

For a second he looked into the barrel of my pistol with concentrated composure, then glanced at the table-drawer which he had jerked open. A revolver lay shining among the litter of glass tubes and papers in the drawer.

The Countess, too, saw the revolver and turned an astonished face to my prisoner.

"Who brought you here?" asked Buckhurst quietly of me.

"I did," said the Countess, her voice almost breaking.

Slowly Buckhurst turned his eyes on the Countess; the faintest glimmer of white teeth showed for an instant between the gray lines that were his lips.

"So you brought this man here?" he said. "Oh, I am glad to know it."

"Stand back from that table!" I cried.

"I beg your pardon," he said, coolly. "Madame," said I, without taking my eyes from him, "in a community dedicated to peace, a revolver is an anachronism. So I think—if you move I will shoot you. Mr. Buckhurst!—no things I would like to take."

"Stop!" said Buckhurst.

"Oh, no, I can't stop now," said I cheerfully, "and if you attempt to upset that lamp you will make a bad mistake. Now walk to the door! Turn your back! Go slowly!—halt!"

With the table-drawer under one arm and my pistol-hand swinging, I followed Buckhurst out into the hall.

Under the trees on the lawn, beside the driveway, I saw Dr. Delmont standing, big, bushy head bent thoughtfully, hands clasped behind his back.

Near him, Tavernier and Bazard were lifting a few boxes into a farm-wagon. But there were yet no signs of the escort of gendarmes which had been promised me.

As Buckhurst appeared, walking all alone ahead of me, Dr. Delmont looked up with a bitter laugh.

"Monsieur," I said, cocking and uncocking my pistol, "it is not because this man is a dangerous political criminal, that the government has sent me here to arrest him. . . . or kill him. It is because he is a common thief. . . . a thief. . . . like this one."

I brushed aside a pile of papers in the drawer and drew out a big gold crucifix, marvelously chiseled from a lump of the solid metal. . . . "A thief," I continue, "who strips the diamonds from crucifixes, . . . and who sells a single stone to a Jew in Strasbourg, named Fishel Cohen, . . . now in prison to confront our friend Buckhurst!"

In the dead silence I heard Dr. Del-

mont's heavy breathing. Tavernier gave a dry sob and covered his face with his hands. The young Countess stood motionless, frightfully white, staring at Buckhurst, who had folded his arms.

Buckhurst looked at me, long enough to see that the end of his rope had come. Then he slowly turned his deadly eyes on the girl before him.

Scarrlett to the roots of her hair; she stood there, utterly stunned. Then the sudden double beat of horses' hoofs broke out along the avenue below, and, through the red sunset, I saw a dozen horsemen come scampering up the drive toward us. At the same moment I stepped out into the driveway to signal the riders, raising my hand.

Instantly a pistol flashed—then another and another, and a dozen harsh voices shouted: "Houurra! Houurra! Prussien!"

"Mille tonnerres!" roared Delmont; "the Prussians are here!"

"Look out! Stand back there! Get the women back!" I cried, as an Uhlans wheeled his horse straight through a bed of geraniums and fired his horse-pistol at me.

Delmont dragged the young Countess to the shelter of an old Sylvia Elven and Tavernier followed; Buckhurst ran to the carriage and leaped in.

"No resistance!" bellowed Delmont, as Bazard snatched up the pistol I had taken from Buckhurst. But the invalid had already fled at a horseman, and had gone down under the merciless hoofs with a lance through his face.

My first impulse was to shoot Buckhurst, and I started for him. I ran past Bazard's trampled body and fired at an Uhlans who had seized the horses which were attached to the carriage where Buckhurst sat.

Again I ran around the wagon, through a clump of sylvia bushes, and up the stone steps to the terrace, and after me stalked one of those incomparable comical riders—an Uhlans in vest, setting his very little horse to the stone steps with a loud "Houurra!"

It was too steep a grade for the gallant horse. I flung my pistol in the animal's face and the poor brute reared straight up and fell backward, rolling over and over with his unfortunate rider, and falling with a tremendous splash into the pool below.

"In God's name stop that!" roared Delmont from below. "Giro us! Scarrlett! They mean us no harm!"

"Come down, please!" called an officer. "We respect your uniform."

"Will you parley?" I asked, listening intently for the gallop of my promised gendarmes. If I could only gain time and save Buckhurst.

"Pouvez-vous vous rendre? Out on your shoulders the officer, in his terrible French.

"Hé bien, . . . non!" I cried, and ran for the chateau. As I gained the doorway they shot at me, but I only fled the faster, springing up the stairway. Here I stood, sabre in hand, ready to stop the first man.

Up the stairs rushed three Uhlans, sabres shining in the dim light from the window behind me; I laid my forefinger flat on the blade of my thrust—then there came a blinding flash, a roar, and I was down, trying to rise, until a clinched fist struck me in the face and I fell flat on my back.

They got me out to the terrace, and carried me to the lawn. One of the men brought a cup of water from the pool.

"Herr Rittmeister," I said, faintly, "I had a prisoner here; he should be in the carriage. Is he?"

The officer walked briskly over to the carriage. "Nobody here but two women and a scared peasant!" he called out.

Two soldiers lifted me again and bore me away in the darkness. I was perfectly conscious.

And all the while I was listening for the gallop of my gendarmes, not that I cared very much, now that Buckhurst was gone.

Suddenly the chapel bell of La Trappe rang out a startling peal; the

that I bit my lip through to choke the scream that strained my throat.

Once—it was, I think, very near day-break—I came out of a dream in which I was swimming through oceans of water, drinking as I swam. The carriage had stopped.

"Are you suffering?" came a low voice, close to my ear.

"Madame, could I have a little water?" I muttered.

Very gently she laid me back. I was entirely without power to move below my waist, or to support my body.

She filled my cup with river water and held it while I drank. After I had my fill she bathed my face, passing her wet hands through my hair and over my eyes. The carriage moved on and I fainted.

CHAPTER V.

The Immortals.

When I became conscious again I was lying on a table. Two men were leaning over me; a third came up, holding a basin. There was an odor of carbolic in the air.

The man with the basin made a horrid grimace when he caught my eye; his face was a curious golden yellow, his eyes jet black, and I first took him for a fever phantom.

Then my bewildered eyes fastened on his scarlet fox, pulled down over his left ear, the sky-blue zouave jacket, with its bright-yellow arabesques, the canvas breeches, leggings, and shoes of an Arab. And I knew him for a soldier of African renown, one of those brave children of the desert, whom we called "Turcos," and whose faith in the greatness of France had never faltered since the first blue eagles of Africa were formed under the canopy of the First Empire.

"Hullo, Mustapha!" I said, faintly; "what are they doing to me now?"

The Turco's golden-bronze visage relaxed; he saluted me.

"Macache, enfin," he said; "they picked a bullet from your spine, my inspector."

An officer in the uniform of a staff surgeon came around the table where I was lying.

"A millimeter farther and that bullet would have cracked your spine. Remember that and keep off your feet! Out! The cannon are unloading up!" as a terrible discharge shattered the glass in the window panes beside me.

"Where am I, doctor?" I asked.

"Paris, in Morsbronn. Can't you hear the orchestra, sim-ban-zini! The Prussians are playing their Wagner music for us. Here, swallow this. How do you feel now?"

"Sleepy. Did you say a day or two, doctor?"

"I said a week or two—perhaps longer. I'll look in this evening if I'm not up to my chin in amputations. Take these every hour if in pain. Go to sleep, my son."

As I lay there on my long, cushioned chair, burning with that insatiable thirst which, to thoroughly appreciate, one must be wounded, the door opened and a Turco soldier came into the room and advanced toward me on tip-toe.

I beckoned him, and the tall, broad fellow came up, smiling, showing his snowy, pointed teeth under a crisp beard.

"Water, Mustapha," I motioned with stiffened lips, and the good fellow unslinging his blue water-bottle and set it to my burning mouth.

"Merci, mon brave!" I said. "May you dwell in Paradise with All the fourth Caliph, the Lion of God!"

The Turco stared, muttered the *Takbir* in a low voice, bent and kissed my hands.

"Were you once an officer of our African battalions?" he asked, in the Arab tongue.

"Sous-officier of spahi cavalry," I said, smiling. "And you are a Kabyle mountain-man from Constantine, I see."

"It is true as I recite the *fatwa*," cried the great fellow, beaming on me. The music of his long-forgetting tongue refreshed me; old scenes and memories of the camp at Oran, the never-to-be-forgotten cavalry with the scarlet clonks, rushed on me thick and fast; incidents, trivial matters of the bazars, faces of comrades dead, came to me in flashes. My eyes grew moist; my throat swelled. I whimpered: Give me a drink in God's name!

Again he held up the blue water-bottle. After a moment I said: "Is it a battle or a boudoir?" But I need not ask; the answer told me enough. Are they storming the heights, Mustapha?

"Macache, compréhendez!" said the soldier, dropping into patois. "There is much noise, but we Turcos are here in Morsbronn, and we have seen nothing but sparrows."

"Are you detailed to look after me?" he said he was, and I informed him that I needed nobody; that it was much more important for everybody that he should rejoin his battalion in the street below, where even now I could hear the Algerian bugles blowing a silyvery sonnerie—"Garde à vous!"

"I am Salah Ben-Ahmed, a marabout of the Third Turcos," he said, proudly. "Have I my inspector's permission to go?"

"Go, Salah Ben-Ahmed, the marabout," said I, laughing.

The soldier stiffened to attention; his bronzed hand flew to his scarlet fez, and, "Salute! O my inspector!" he cried, sonorous, and was gone at a bound.

I had been lying there motionless for an hour, my head on my hand, sniveling, when there came a knock at the door, and I hastily buttoned my blood-stained shirt to the throat, threw a tunic over my shoulders, and cried, "Come in!"

A trick of memory and perhaps of physical weakness had driven from my mind all recollection of the Countess de Vassart since I had come to my senses under the surgeon's probe. But at the touch of her fingers on the

door outside, I knew that it could be nobody but my Countess.

She entered noiselessly, bearing a bowl of broth and some bread; but when she saw me sitting there with eyes and nose all red and swollen from sniveling, she set the bowl on a table and hurried to my side.

"What is it? Is the pain so dreadful?" she whispered.

"No—oh no. I'm only a fool, and quite hungry, madame."

She brought the broth and bread and a glass of the most exquisite wine I ever tasted—a wine that seemed to brighten the whole room with its liquid sunshine.

"Do you know where you are?" she asked, gravely.

"Oh yes—in Morsbronn."

"And in whose house, monsieur?"

"I don't know—" I glanced instinctively at the tarnished coronet on the canopy above the bed. "Do you know, Madame la Comtesse?"

"I ought to," she said, faintly amused. "I was born in this room. It was to this house that I desired to come before—my exile."

After a silence I said, "I wish I could look out of the window."

"She went to the window and folded up the varnished blinds."

"How dreadful the cannonade is growing!" she said. "Wait! don't think of moving! I will push you close to the window, where you can see."

Lying there, watching the view shadows crawling out over the sidewalk, I had been for some minutes thinking of my friend Mr. Buckhurst when I heard the young Countess stirring in the room behind me.

"You are not going to be a cripple?" she said, as I turned my head.

"Oh no, indeed!" said I.

"Nor die?" she added, seriously.

"How could a man die with an angel straight from heaven to guard him? Pardon, I am only grateful, not impatient." I looked at her humbly, and she looked at me without the slightest expression.

"Are you English, Monsieur Scarrlett?" she asked quietly.

"American, madame."

"And yet you take service under an emperor?"

"I have taken harder service than that."

"Of necessity?"

"Yes, madame."

"What I amuse you to hear what I have been?" I said, smiling.

"That is not the word," she said, quietly. "To hear of hardship helps one to understand the world."

Suddenly a shell fell into the courtyard opposite, bursting immediately in a cloud of gravel which rained against our turret like hail.

Stunned for an instant, the Countess stood there motionless, her face turned towards the window. I struggled to sit upright.

"Where is the safest place for us to stay?" she asked. Her voice was perfectly steady.

"In the cellar. I beg you to go at once."

"Bang! A shell blew up in a shower of stones and knocked a chimney into a heap of bricks."

"Do you insist on staying by that loop-hole?" she asked, without a quiver in her voice.

"Yes, I do," said I. "Will you go to the cellar?"

"No," she said, shortly.

I saw her walk toward the rear of the room, hesitate, sink down by the edge of the bed and lay her face in the pillow.

Shells rained fast on Morsbronn; nearer and nearer belled the guns; the plaster ceiling above my head cracked and fell in thin flakes, filling the room with an acrid, smarting dust. Down the street a dull sound grew into a steady roar; the Turcos dropped pick and shovel and seized their rifles.

"Garde! Garde à vous!" rang their startled bugles; the tumult increased to a swelling uproar, shouting, cheering, the crash of shutters and of glass, and the roar of the cannon.

"The Prussians!" bellowed the captain. "Turcos—charge!"

His voice was lost; a yelling mass of soldiers burst into view; spiked helmets and bayonets glittering through the smoke, the Turcos were whirled about like brilliant butterflies in a tornado; the fusillade swelled to a stuporful din, exploding in one terrible crash, and, wrapped in lightning, the Prussian onset passed.

From the stairs below came the sound of a voiceless struggle, the trample and panting and clinking of steel, till of a sudden a voice burst out into a dreadful screaming. A shot followed—silence—another shot—then the stairs outside shook under the rush of mounting men.

As the door burst open I felt a touch on my arm; the Countess de Vassart stood erect and pale, one slender, protecting hand resting lightly on my shoulder; a lieutenant of Prussian infantry confronted us.

"Do not have you thrown into the street," he said to me, in excellent French, "because there has been no firing from the windows in this village. Otherwise—other measures. Be at ease, madame, I shall not harm your invalid."

Under the window strident Prussian bugles were blowing a harsh summons; the young officer stepped to the loop-hole and looked out, then hastily removed his helmet and thrust his blond head through the smoky aperture. "March those prisoners in below!" he shouted down.

A moment later came a trample of feet on the landing outside, the door was flung open, and three prisoners were brutally pushed into the room.

I tried to turn and look at them; they stood in the dusk near the bed, but I could only make out that one was a Turco, his jacket in rags, his canvas breeches covered with mud.

Again the lieutenant came to the loop-hole and glanced out, then shook his head, motioning the soldiers back. "It is too high and the arc of fire

too limited," he said, shortly. "Detail four men to hold the stairs, ten men and a sergeant in the room below, and you'd better take your prisoners down there. Dayonet that Turco tiger if he shows his teeth again. March!"

As the prisoners filed out I turned once more and thought I recognized Salah Ben-Ahmed in the disheveled Turco, but could not be certain, so disfigured and tattered the soldier appeared.

Under the windows the flat, high-pitched drums began to rattle; deep voices shouted; the whole street undulated with masses of gray-and-black

"Look There!" She Cried in Terror.

uniforms, moving forward through the smoke. A superb regimental band began to play; the troops broke out into heavy cheering.

"Vorwärts! Vorwärts!" came the steady commands.

"The invasion has begun," I said. Her face was expressionless, save for the brightness of her eyes.

Suddenly a company of pioneers arrived on the double-quick, halted, fell out, and began to break down the locked doors of the houses on either side of the street. At the same time Prussian infantry came hurrying past, dragging behind them dozens of vehicles, long hay-wagons, gardeners' carts, heavy wheelbarrows, even a dingy private carriage, with tarnished lamps, rocking crazily on rusty springs.

The soldiers wheeled these wagons into a double line, forming a complete chain across the street, where the Turcos had commenced to dig their ditch and breastworks—a barricade high enough to check a charge and cunningly arranged, too, for the wooden abatis could not be seen from the eastern end of the street, where a charge of French infantry or cavalry must enter Morsbronn if it entered at all.

"Something is going to happen," I said, as a group of smartly uniformed officers appeared on the roof of the opposite house and hastily scrambled to the ridgepole.

A column of infantry, splendidly mounted, drew bridle under our loop-hole and looked up at the officers on the roof across the way.

"Attention, you up there!" he shouted. "Is it infantry?"

"No!" bawled an officer, hollowed hand to his cheek. "It's their brigade of heavy cavalry coming like an earthquake!"

"The cuirassiers!" I cried, electrified. "It's Michel's cuirassiers, madame! And—oh, the barricade!" I groaned, twisting my fingers in helpless rage. "They'll be caught in a trap; they'll die like flies in that street!"

She sprang to her feet, stood a moment, then stepped swiftly forward into the angle of the tower.

"Look there!" she cried in terror. "Push my chair—quick!" I said. She dragged it forward.

An old house across the street, which had been on fire, had collapsed into a mere mound of slata, charred beams, and plaster. Through the brown haze which quivered above the ruins I could see out into the country. And what I saw was a line of hills, crowned with smoke, a rolling stretch of meadow below, set here and there with shot-torn trees and bop-poles; and over this uneven ground two regiments of French cuirassiers and two squadrons of lancers moving slowly forward as though on parade.

The cuirassiers moved on slowly, the sun a blinding sheet of fire on their armor; now and then a horse tossed his beautiful head, now and then a steel helmet turned, dashing. Grief-stricken, I groaned aloud: "Madame, there's rides the fastest army in the world—to annihilation."

How could I know that they were coming deliberately to sacrifice themselves—that they rode with death heavy on their souls, knowing well there was no hope, understanding that they were to die to save the fragments of a beaten army?

"They are doomed, like their fathers," they were called—"sons of the cuirassiers of Waterloo. Look, madame! Look on the men of France! You say you do not understand the narrow love of country! Look!"

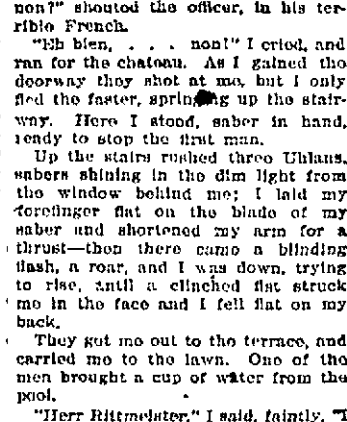
"It is too pitiful, too horrible," she said, heavily. "How the horses fall in the meadow!"

"They will fall thicker than that in this street!"

"So!" she cried; "they have begun to gallop! They are coming! Oh, I cannot look—I cannot!"

Far away, a thin cry sounded above the cannon din; the doomed cuirassiers were cheering. It was the first charge they had ever made, nobody had ever seen cavalry of their arm on any battle-field of Europe since Waterloo.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



She Filled My Cup With River Water.

Prussian captain shouted: "Stop that bell! Shoot every civilian in the house!" But the Uhlans, who rushed up the terrace, found the great doors bolted and the lower windows screened with steel shutters.

On the battlements of the south wing a red radiance grew brighter; somebody had thrown wood into the iron basket of the ancient beacon, and set fire to it.

"That touches me a lesson!" bawled the enraged Rittmeister, shaking his flat up at the brightening alarm signal. An Uhlans laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of the Rittmeister Countess; she tried to draw back, but he pushed her brutally into the carriage, and she stumbled and fell into the cushions beside me.

Fever had already begun to turn my head; the jolting of the carriage brought me to my senses at times. If I could only have fainted, but I could not, and the agony grew so intense

that I bit my lip through to choke the scream that strained my throat.

Once—it was, I think, very near day-break—I came out of a dream in which I was swimming through oceans of water, drinking as I swam. The carriage had stopped.

"Are you suffering?" came a low voice, close to my ear.

"Madame, could I have a little water?" I muttered.

Very gently she laid me back. I was entirely without power to move below my waist, or to support my body.

She filled my cup with river water and held it while I drank. After I had my fill she bathed my face, passing her wet hands through my hair and over my eyes. The carriage moved on and I fainted.

When I became conscious again I was lying on a table. Two men were leaning over me; a third came up, holding a basin. There was an odor of carbolic in the air.

The man with the basin made a horrid grimace when he caught my eye; his face was a curious golden yellow, his eyes jet black, and I first took him for a fever phantom.

Then my bewildered eyes fastened on his scarlet fox, pulled down over his left ear, the sky-blue zouave jacket, with its bright-yellow arabesques, the canvas breeches, leggings, and shoes of an Arab. And I knew him for a soldier of African renown, one of those brave children of the desert, whom we called "Turcos," and whose faith in the greatness of France had never faltered since the first blue eagles of Africa were formed under the canopy of the First Empire.

"Hullo, Mustapha!" I said, faintly; "what are they doing to me now?"

The Turco's golden-bronze visage relaxed; he saluted me.

"Macache, enfin," he said; "they picked a bullet from your spine, my inspector."

An officer in the uniform of a staff surgeon came around the table where I was lying.

"A millimeter farther and that bullet would have cracked your spine. Remember that and keep off your feet! Out! The cannon are unloading up!" as a terrible discharge shattered the glass in the window panes beside me.

"Where am I, doctor?" I asked.

"Paris, in Morsbronn. Can't you hear the orchestra, sim-ban-zini! The Prussians are playing their Wagner music for us. Here, swallow this. How do you feel now?"

"Sleepy. Did you say a day or two, doctor?"

"I said a week or two—perhaps longer. I'll look in this evening if I'm not up to my chin in amputations. Take these every hour if in pain. Go to sleep, my son."

As I lay there on my long, cushioned chair, burning with that insatiable thirst which, to thoroughly appreciate, one must be wounded, the door opened and a Turco soldier came into the room and advanced toward me on tip-toe.

I beckoned him, and the tall, broad fellow came up, smiling, showing his snowy, pointed teeth under a crisp beard.

"Water, Mustapha," I motioned with stiffened lips, and the good fellow unslinging his blue water-bottle and set it to my burning mouth.

"Merci, mon brave!" I said. "May you dwell in Paradise with All the fourth Caliph, the Lion of God!"

The Turco stared, muttered the *Takbir* in a low voice, bent and kissed my hands.

"Were you once an officer of our African battalions?" he asked, in the Arab tongue.

"Sous-officier of spahi cavalry," I said, smiling. "And you are a Kabyle mountain-man from Constantine, I see."

"It is true as I recite the *fatwa*," cried the great fellow, beaming on me. The music of his long-forgetting tongue refreshed me; old scenes and memories of the camp at Oran, the never-to-be-forgotten cavalry with the scarlet clonks, rushed on me thick and fast; incidents, trivial matters of the bazars, faces of comrades dead, came to me in flashes. My eyes grew moist; my throat swelled. I whimpered: Give me a drink in God's name!

Again he held up the blue water-bottle. After a moment I said: "Is it a battle or a boudoir?" But I need not ask; the answer told me enough. Are they storming the heights, Mustapha?

"Macache, compréhendez!" said the soldier, dropping into patois. "There is much noise, but we Turcos are here in Morsbronn, and we have seen nothing but sparrows."

"Are you detailed to look after me?" he said he was, and I informed him that I needed nobody; that it was much more important for everybody that he should rejoin his battalion in the street below, where even now I could hear the Algerian bugles blowing a silyvery sonnerie—"Garde à vous!"

"I am Salah Ben-Ahmed, a marabout of the Third Turcos," he said, proudly. "Have I my inspector's permission to go?"

"Go, Salah Ben-Ahmed, the marabout," said I, laughing.

The soldier stiffened to attention; his bronzed hand flew to his scarlet fez, and, "Salute! O my inspector!" he cried, sonorous, and was gone at a bound.

I had been lying there motionless for an hour, my head on my hand, sniveling, when there came a knock at the door, and I hastily buttoned my blood-stained shirt to the throat, threw a tunic over my shoulders, and cried, "Come in!"

A trick of memory and perhaps of physical weakness had driven from my mind all recollection of the Countess de Vassart since I had come to my senses under the surgeon's probe. But at the touch of her fingers on the

CHAPTER V.

The Immortals.

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Sports

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Scores Yesterday.
No games Wednesday—Rain.

Standing of the Clubs.

New York	15	164
Philadelphia	14	162
Chicago	13	161
Pittsburgh	12	159
Boston	11	158
Brooklyn	10	157
Cincinnati	9	156
St. Louis	8	155

Today's Schedule.

Philadelphia at Pittsburgh (7).	
Brooklyn at Cincinnati (2).	
New York at St. Louis	
Boston at Chicago.	

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Scores Yesterday.

Philadelphia 5; St. Louis 4.	
Detroit 5; Washington 1.	
Detroit 4; Washington 2.	
Cleveland 2; Boston 9.	
Chicago 2; New York 4.	
*New York 3; Chicago 2.	

*9 Innings, darkness.

Standing of the Clubs.

Philadelphia	14	162
Cleveland	13	161
Washington	12	159
Boston	11	158
Chicago	10	157
Detroit	9	156
New York	8	155
St. Louis	7	154

Today's Schedule.

Chicago at New York.	
St. Louis at Philadelphia.	
Detroit at Washington.	
Cleveland at Boston.	

How to Cure a Sick Headache.

C. E. Mueser, of Fresno, California, has adopted the correct treatment for sick headache. He says: "I have used Chamberlain's Tablets for sick headache and constipation for the past two years. I have never found any preparation so satisfactory. In every case for this trouble." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Now Seattle Coal Trade.

The Nova Scotia mines are very active and have been all summer. The Dominion Coal Company produced 425,435 tons in August, the largest month in its history, surpassing by about 2,000 the record output of last October.

Sending Money Abroad.

Is just as simple as sending a note across the street. Stop into the Foreign Department of the First National—ask where you want the money to go and the bank does the rest. All languages spoken.—Adv.

Classified ads one cent a word.

THE SHORT CAR SUPPLY

Accompanied by Promise of an Early Buying Movement.

The reported shortage in car supply is supplemented by a report that the railroads will inaugurate a heavy car-buying movement if their proposed increase in eastern freight rates is allowed. In the meantime the short supply is causing serious complaints. The heavy coal trade and the fall crop movement are undoubtedly factors, but a steady increase in business has also to be reckoned with in railroad calculations. The country continues to expand and railroad traffic grows with it.

The whole situation, however, according to The Daily Iron Trade, tells of failure of the railroads to keep their rolling stock up to the requirements of traffic. At present an unusually large number of cars are in the shops for repairs. One railroad alone is reported to be "shopping" 12,000 cars at this time. Many wooden cars have been destroyed during the past two and a half years and these in many cases have not been replaced numerically so that while the available capacity has grown the number of cars has not increased in the same degree. Furthermore, it is stated that not all the cars ordered during the past year or more to replace unworkable cars, have been delivered.

Notice Engines.

There will be a social session held Saturday evening at the Club House. All ladies welcome.—Adv.

Soisson Theatre

Thursday, Sep. 18

LAST SEASON'S BIG SUCCESS

The Merry Burlesquers

A Top Speed Girl Show Built to Please the Classy Clientele of This Theatre.

HEADED BY RICHY W. CRAIG

AND DOROTHY BLODGET

20 FASCINATING FETCHING DAMSELS 20

Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

Seat Sale Now Open at the Theatre

DISCRIMINATION IN COKE FREIGHT RATES

But Not in Favor of the Connellsville Region and Against West Virginia. Quite the Contrary.

The Secretary of the West Virginia Mine Association told the Senate Commerce Committee investigating the West Virginia coal mining strike, that the West Virginia operators have been discriminated against in freight rates on coal shipments into territories in which they have been in competition with coal operators of Ohio, Illinois, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Indiana. He asserted that the railroads had been forced to thus discriminate, but he did not disclose by whom they were forced.

This is rather an extraordinary statement in view of the known facts, and it casts a doubt upon the whole West Virginia case. The case of Holston against the coal carrying railroads operating between Lake ports and the West Virginia and Pittsburgh regions found the boat on the other foot. The railroads had been discriminating against the Pittsburgh and in favor of the West Virginia operators. The Interstate Commerce Commission

soon decided and ordered the railroads to reduce the Pittsburgh rate.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad complied with the requirement of the commission, but at the same time it reduced its West Virginia rate to a point that continues in the same ratio the discrimination complained of by the Pittsburgh operators. The same thing happened in the Connellsville Coke Producers case. The Interstate Commerce Commission directed the rate on Connellsville coke to Wheeling and other points to be reduced on the ground that it was discriminatory, a lower rate being accorded the Fairmont district. The Connellsville rate was lowered 10 cents as directed by the commission, but at the same time the West Virginia rate was lowered 10 cents, leaving the discrimination practically the same as it was before the readjustment of the rates.

Card of Thanks.

Wm. H. Runkin, of Owensdale, wishes to thank the voters of Fayette county for the vote extended to him and also those who worked for him at the recent primary election.—Adv.

One Cent a Word

for classified advertisements. Try them.

Soisson Theatre, Sept. 19

THE AMERICAN PLAY COMPANY (ARCH SELWYN, MANAGING DIRECTOR.)

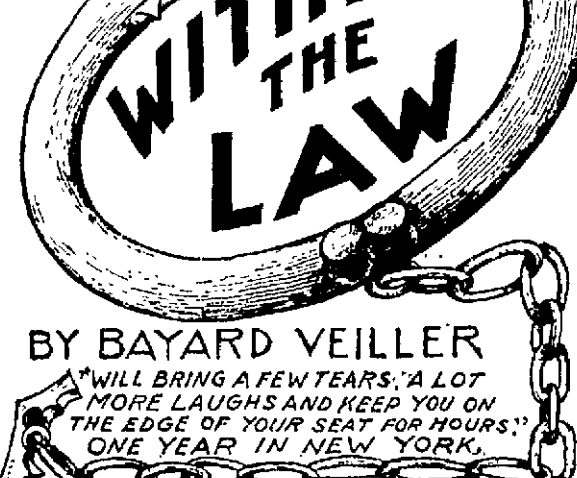
A REAL MELODRAMA WITH A BIG

STORY FULL OF

MERRIMENT

AND

LIFE.



"WILL BRING A FEW YEARS, A LOT MORE LAUGHS AND KEEP YOU ON THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT FOR HOURS." ONE YEAR IN NEW YORK.

Prices, 25, 50, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Store Closes Daily at 5:30; Saturdays at 10 P. M.

Exclusive to This Store —and Shown for the First Time—Certain Fine Suits, Dresses and Wraps for Women and Girls

THERE are many articles of dress and piece goods—millinery to shoes, and fine fabrics and trimmings—of a higher fashion tone than most people would expect to find in Connellsville.

Usually these exquisite creations are not duplicated, and the fortunate purchaser could not have a thing more original or exclusive if her individual time and thought was expended in the planning of it.

Such merchandise is priced on the same basis as are goods bought in quantity, and the highest priced "exclusive" shows quality and tone to justify the one-price it goes at. Gladly shown upon request.



WOMEN'S fashionable suits at \$15 to \$65 each. A great many women are planning now—this very minute—to come to Wright-Metzler's tomorrow to choose their new autumn suit or coat or dress—whatever they need.

Other women will wear their summer clothes for a couple of weeks longer, but have decided to look at the new fashions tomorrow, to find out where they can best get what suits them. To both customers and visitors the door of the Wright-Metzler store is always open.

Materials have been selected both for their new fashion and durability. The styles for their well-bred tone.

Woman's Section—Second Floor.

This Fine Big Display of ART NEEDLE WORK

is full of ideas for gift things for men and women at Christmas time; for new and attractive things for baby—its apparel and the "fixings" for carriage, crib and the room; for the guest room—bedding, towels, scarfs and squares; and for decorating women's and girls' undermuslins. The display is comprehensive and features needlework of the highest order; new designs controlled by Wright-Metzler's exclusively; Royal Society Package Goods; designs for stamping bedding—and stamped pieces; and ALL the necessary threads, fabrics and implements for fine needlework.

MISS BERTHA MORRISON will spend the afternoons of the three days' display—WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY—in the interests of our patrons who seek expert advice on needlework.

Dry Goods Store.

ALL WOOL

—and a yard to a yard and a half wide

BURGERS, French and Storm, DIAGONALS, GRANTIES, CREPTS, FANCY WORSTEDS, RATINES, BROADCLOTH, EPONGE, CLOAKINGS, and a complete line of black dress goods.

Dry Goods Store

Pictorial Review Patterns (October)

Free Fashion Sheets.

Full Quarterly Style Book.

Embroidery Catalogue.

Pattern Section—Dry Goods Store.

Next Week---Tuesday to Friday Inclusive Autumn Silks---Display and Sale

No such collection of silks—at their prices---will be seen in any other Connellsville store.

School Stockings

HOLES will be longer in making their appearance in these good stockings for boys and girls, than in many other brands that we know of. From the standpoint of service and good looks, mothers will find nothing better at these prices than these:

—fast black, ribbed, two-thread leg and four-ply heel and toe stockings for boys, 50c a pair.
—Cadet stockings—black, white and tan—for girls. Smooth rib, fast color and long-wearing, 25c a pair.
—finer stockings—full regular made legs and feet, 35c a pair; three pairs for \$1.00.

Mrs. Huszagk (EXPERT CORSETIER)

will be at the store

Wednesday

Thursday

this week with the newer models in

Gossard Corsets

Fittings without charge.

FICHUS

ON FASHIONABLE IS FASHION'S EDICT.

Brand new are some of fine plain and dotted net, with small square collars, shawl effects or the new wired Medici model.

50c to \$3.00 each.

Hand Embroidery, \$1.50 to \$3.00.

NEW LACES

The novelties of France, Switzerland, Germany and England—they have just arrived in our

Lace Section.

WRIGHT-METZLER COMPANY

Soisson Theatre 3 DAYS STARTING MONDAY Sept. 22

DAILY MATINEES AT 2.15—NIGHTLY AT 8.15

ALL SEATS RESERVED AND NOW ON SALE FOR NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

FIRST TIME IN CONNELLSVILLE

Direct from Record Breaking Attendance at Nixon Theatre, Pittsburgh; Hippodrome, Cleveland; Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia; Academy of Music, Baltimore.



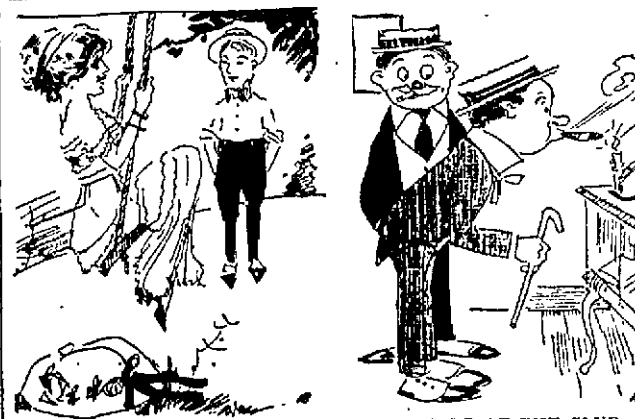
Now Running Six Months, Astor Theatre, New York. GEORGE KLEINE Presents

QUO VADIS

THE WORLD'S MASTERPIECE IN PHOTO-DRAMA.

"Finer pictures were never seen here."—New York Sun. "A Triumph of realism."—New York Herald.

PRICES: MATINEES, Best Seats, 25c. NIGHTS, Lower Floor, 50c; Balcony 25c.



SURE THING.

Harry—What do you consider the best way to propose?
Kitty—Promptly.

HEARD AT THE CLUB.

"I smoke cigarettes? Certainly not! They are nothing but fool killers." "Ah, then, I don't blame you; you would be taking a big risk."

Classified Advertisements 1c a Word.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

AUTUMNAL EXCURSIONS

TO

OAK PARK

SUNDAY, SEPT. 21.

ROUND TRIP \$1 FROM CONNELLSVILLE

SPECIAL TRAIN

Will Leave at 8.00 A. M.

Most Delightful Season of the Year for Excursions.

DR. BARNES PHYSICIAN AND SPECIALIST

Established as a specialist in the treatment of all kinds of chronic and medical diseases for all General Diseases (both men and women) SPECIAL URINARY AND VENEREAL DISEASES. Located at the Second National Bank Building, Connellsville, Pa. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Sunday by Appointment. Consultation Free. Office Hours 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.